

THE  
*Monopolizer Outwitted!*

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MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,  
*IN TWO ACTS.*

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By ARCHIBALD MACLAREN, R

AUTHOR OF THE COUP-DE-MAIN; SIEGE OF PERTH;  
HIGHLAND-DROVER; FIRST NIGHTS LODGING;  
OLD ENGLAND FOR EVER; HUMOURS OF  
THE TIMES; ACCOUNT OF THE IRISH  
INSURRECTION; THE NEGRO SLAVES,  
SOLDIER'S WIDOW, &c. &c. &c.

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*May the sharp Scythe of the Law mow down the  
whole Crop of Monopolizers.*

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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STARVEALL  
SQUANDER  
WELLWORTH  
MEDLEY  
THOMAS.

MRS. MEDLEY  
MRS. STARVEALL  
HARRIET  
ISABEL.



I beg leave to inform the reader that the following pages are levelled at no particular person—My characters are like sale-shoes, any body may try them on, but those whom they don't fit, need not wear them. As for the workmanship, I shall only say—

*If it contains one lucky bit,  
Let some critic recommend it :  
But where devoid of sense or wit,  
Little said is soonest mended.*

Being discharged from the army (where I served as serjeant) in consequence of several wounds received in defence of my king and country, this pamphlet becomes my barn, my shop, my store-house ; in short, my every thing from which I can expect to draw a temporary subsistence for myself and family.—I am proud of having this opportunity of offering my unfeigned thanks to the nobility, gentry, and others, who have either subscribed for, or purchased any of my copies—I feel, but cannot express a due sense of their goodness.

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THE  
**MONOPOLIZER OUTWITTED!**

ACT I. SCENE I.

WELLWORTH and HARRIET discovered.

*Harriet.*

COME, come, Mr. Wellworth, a truce with your protestations, and listen to me while I give you a short description of our family. In the first place, my father, who is the most generous, as well as the most amiable man living, has lately been seized with a notion that he composes musick, but as he does not understand a single note of the gamut, he is looking out for a discreet musician to take down from his voice, and prepare his works for publication.—I'll recommend you.

*Well.* You know I don't understand——

*Har.* But you can pretend——My mother, who was once esteemed a fine woman, by—herself, is now at the age of three and forty, anxious to preserve her declining beauty, I appoint you her physician extraordinary.

*Well.* Who, I?—Music and physic!—I protest I'm equally ignorant of both.

*Har.* Besides my parents, there's one Mr. Starveall, a noted monopolizer—this gentleman has a son, in whose person you are to encounter a most formidable rival; so you may judge what a task you have to go through.

D U E T.

*Well.* Let the task prove e'er so great,

*Har.* Can no danger fear ye?

*Well.* Say, what hardship can defeat,  
Love that ne'er can weary.

*Har.* I've heard say, lovers' way  
Oft proves dark and dreary;

*Well.* If you smile on my toil,  
How can love grow weary.

CHOR. I've heard say, &c.

*Har.*

## THE MONOPOLIZER OUTWITTED.

*Har.* Whilst in courtship, love is strong,  
Active, young, and cheery;  
But when marriage ends the song,  
Love may then grow weary.

*Will.* No, no, no,—

*Har.* Time will shew—

*Will.* That I speak sincerely;

*Har.* Do not swear—

*Will.* Yes, I'll swear,  
That I love you dearly.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE—A Chamber.

*Mr. and Mrs. MEDLEY walking about.*

*Mrs. M.* Don't tell me, Mr. Medley. I say your temper is as unsettled as the price of bread; for they both rise to an extravagant height, without any visible occasion; and if ever they happen to abate, they but fall to rise again.

*Med.* And your temper is as changeable as the fashions of the present day, and as ridiculous too.

*Mrs. M.* That's always your way—you wish to quarrel before you do a foolish action. What is this old Needy or his family to you?

*Med.* Fellow creatures.

*Mrs. Med.* If his house was burnt, are you to be at the expence of repairing it?

*Med.* To contribute my part, 'tis a debt I owe humanity.

*Mrs. M.* There's your cousin Starveall; let me see how much he'll give—a man that has money—

*Med.* Must do good, ill, or nothing with it—which of the three do you recommend?

*Mrs. M.* You'll have enough to do with your's. Hasn't your cousin proposed his natural son for our Harriet; and if you continue your course of charitable extravagance, what can you leave them?

*Med.* The whole world—Besides I'll leave them a blessing—should they forget their own prayers, I hope they'll never want the prayers of the poor.

*Mrs. M.* No, nor their petitions either, if they encourage them as you do. Oh, you're a foolish man; and if you had many a woman, she wou'd tell you so.

*Med.* If relieving our fellow-creatures in distress, is a proof of folly, I'm glad I have the example of many of the first rank in the kingdom to keep me in countenance.

*Enter*

*Enter HARRIET hastily.*

*Har.* Oh, papa, I've found what you have long been looking for.

*Med.* What, the copy of verses I made upon your mother's coal-skuttle bonnet?

*Har.* No, sir, one Mr. Singwell, a musician, who fought a duel yesterday, and kill'd a man—

*Med.* Bring him in, if he had a thousand at his heels.——(*Harriet introduces Wellworth*)——Sir, I'm exceedingly happy to see you.

*Well.* I thank you, sir—This lady has been kind enough to confirm what I have often heard of your abilities—Cou'd I be honor'd with a sight of your composition—

*Med.* You must be content with a hearing. In short, sir, I am only a musician of nature's making; however, if you will be kind enough to take down from my voice—(*coughs and prepares*)——Harriet, hadn't you better sing that favourite ballad once more?—Whenever I wish to compose a new air, I always make Harriet sing me an old one—It has the same effect upon me, as tuning has upon an instrument.

#### B A L L A D.

The sun now sinks bewest the sea,  
The hoary moon supplies his place:  
The birds retire to bush and tree,  
The hunter, toil'd, forsakes the chase:  
The weary lambkins leave their play,  
To seek repose beneath yon thorn;  
Whist I, oppress'd, must nightly stray,  
Among the braes of sweet Denburn.

What voice is that, that breathes of love?  
Is it my sweet that calls so late?—  
Or is't the lonely greenwood dove,  
That murmurs for his absent mate?  
Sweet bird, those melting notes restrain,  
Your absent mate may ne'er return;  
Like me, you're left, to weep in vain,  
Among the braes of sweet Denburn.

My gay companions, list' to me,  
By all our youthful pleasures gone;  
If e'er we crost the silver Dee,  
Or trod the flow'ry banks of Don:  
Grant me this boon, the last I'll crave,  
If my dear Jem shou'd e'er return;  
Direct his steps to find my grave,  
Among the braes of sweet Denburn.

*Well.*



*Well.* Are the words your own, sir?

*Med.* No, no; and yet I was born a poet—My mother us'd to say, I cried in rhyme, laugh'd in rhyme, slept in rhyme, snor'd in rhyme; in short, did every thing in rhyme.

*Well.* Is it possible, sir?

*Mrs. Med.* Oh, yes, Sir, he has dealt so much in rhyme, that he has lost his reason long ago.

*Med.* And my memory too, I think. Come, Mr. Singwell, step with me to my study; I'll leave you there till I return from executing a particular piece of business. [*Ex. both.*]

*Mrs. Med.* What mad bee has stung him now?

*Har.* I dare say he's gone to old Needy's. Mama, I wonder how you keep your temper so well.

*Mrs. Med.* Oh, my dear, that's not surprising at all. Don't you know that passion is a great enemy to the looks of a woman. You've seen poor Mrs. Sour-phiz. She once possess'd the most amiable set of features; but from a long custom of frowning upon her husband, she has actually contracted—But you've seen her—and I'm told that she did not domineer over the silly thing so much to indulge her spleen, as to prevent being thought singular among her neighbours.

*Har.* I dare say your case is quite the reverse, Mama; for I'm persuaded you are often angry when you affect to be well pleased.

*Mrs. Med.* Yes, angry in my heart, but I seldom let it mount to my face. A beautiful woman should never frown, because it spoils a pretty face. An ordinary woman should always smile, because it sets off an indifferent countenance.

*Har.* Ha, ha, ha! I have a mind to make you laugh, Mama—The Gentleman is no musician.

*Mrs. Med.* What is he then?

*Har.* A learned Doctor, who has dived into the most profound mysteries of nature—travelled through Egypt—made himself master of the ancient method of embalming dead bodies—improved so much upon that invaluable secret, that he can make any tolerable living face time-proof for at least fifty years. O, come, Mama, and let us talk to the dear, sweet man, (*in seeming agitation.*)

*Mrs.*

Mrs. Med. Don't hurry yourself, my dear: don't hurry yourself. [Exeunt.]

SCENE.—*The Walls of a Burnt House.*

Several articles scattered about. NEDDY and FAMILY looking on.

Neddy. Why should man be proud of wealth? Had our effects been worth millions, the raging flames had devoured them with the same remorseless fury.

Mary. Keep up your heart, William; he that gave us life will give us a living; till he is pleased to take that life again.

Neddy. I do not grieve for myself.—But to think of you and the children! All that we had saved!—The fruits of many a year's hard labour consumed in one hour. I see cold, hunger, thirst, and poverty approaching—yet I do not grieve for myself. I can sink into my grave and escape them! But what will support you and bring up those little innocents?

Mary. Oh, do not complain! rather rejoice that we have escaped with our lives. You know you have 20l. in Mr. Starveall's hands—

Neddy. So I have—thank Heaven, so I have! But it is none of mine. It is a little sacred treasure, set apart to apprentice out my little boys. And must I now erase the foundation which I have so long been laying, to build their future comfort upon? I must—necessity requires it. He that permitted the flames to take our all; can send us more. Bring the Gentleman's note of hand. You'll find it in the little green box.

Mary. (*rises to look for it, shrieks*) The box is burnt.

Neddy. Then we are undone.

Mary. (*trying to recover herself*) Oh, do not say so! While there's life there's hope.

Neddy. The note burnt! He need not pay the money.

Mary. I hope he will.

Neddy. But if he should not!

Mary. If he should not!—we must—do the best we can.

Neddy. So we must. Borne down by the torrent—this 20l. may prove a friendly bush to lay hold of.—But if it should give way—(*muting, in a kind of despair*).

Mary

*Mary.* William!—William!—William!—Why do you look so? Though we lose our means, we must not lose our hearts. Come, come, let me try to cheer you. You know you used to say that nothing could make you unhappy, when your own Polly was near you.

*Needy.* (*starting from his reverie*) So I did. You see I am not in the least cast down. Come, do you look cheerful too; we'll get over it all.

## DUET.

*Mary.* These twenty years and three I've been your wedded wife.

*Needy.* Then say, love, did you know one-hour's domestic strife?

*Mary.* Nor brawls nor discontent e'er cross'd our humble door,

*Needy.* When love supplies each want, how can we say we're poor?

*Needy.* Our joyful scenes of youth our children shall repeat.

*Mary.* Sweet semblance of ourselves shall rise among our feet,

*Needy.* When laid beneath the sod our weeping friends shall say,

Calm be their silent rest, they're gone, but had their day.

SCENE—*Starveall's House.*

STARVEALL and MEDLEY.

*Med.* Cousin Starvewell, you must grant me a favour. I'm endeavouring to set on foot a subscription for poor old Needy.—Come, put to your hand—

*Starve.* Cousin, you're too generous!

*Med.* Not at all. We cannot shew our gratitude to heaven for the blessings we receive, more than by giving to those who stand in need of our assistance!

*Starve.* In my opinion we cannot shew ourselves sensible of the value of those blessings better than by keeping them.

*Med.* Fire can melt the hardest flint; but what melt the heart that never felt the sacred glow of generosity.

[Exit.

*Starve.* Subscription indeed! I'll clap a padlock on each pocket, and swear that I've lost the keys.—(*Enter Needy*)—Good morning, Mr. Needy, I am sorry for your loss.

*Needy.* I'm sorry it lays me under the necessity of asking that trifle sooner than I intended, Sir.

*Starve.* Have you brought my note of hand?

*Needy.*



*Needy.* Alas! Sir, it is burnt.

*Starve.* (*overjoyed*) Burnt! is it?—That's uncertain. I've often observed a parcel of thieves attending these fires. Some of them must have pickt it up, and I shall be obliged to pay it again.

*Needy.* If you cannot pay, will you lend me—

*Starve.* Lend you—can't—have just made up a certain sum for a certain occasion.

*Needy.* And is it thus you remember the friendship of our youth?

*Starve.* The follies of our youth you mean. What solid friendship could children form? Now I think on't; we set out in the world together, why did not you make a fortune as I did?

*Needy.* Because fortune did not favour me.

*Starve.* Yes, because she did not jump into your lap. Ah, friend! the man who would wed fortune must court her—encounter her frowns before he can expect to enjoy her smiles. Had you never a wish to be rich?

*Needy.* Yes, I had; but if ever that wish happened to wander beyond my power of gratifying it like an honest man and a Christian, prudence started up and called it back again.

*Starve.* And did it bring any money home with it? I was not quite so scrupulous, and yet you see I want nothing.

*Needy.* Then you are poorer than I am. The man who wants nothing has nothing to hope—he's gone beyond it, and what has he got in return for such a blessing? Hope that makes the poor man eat of his dear-bought loaf with patience; hope that blunts the keenest arrow in misfortune's quiver; hope that—

*Starve.* Often covers the table, and leaves the guests to dine upon empty dishes.

*Needy.* Old school-fellow! you have a large house—

*Starve.* Pretty well.

*Needy.* And a little heart.

*Starve.* But a full pocket.

*Needy.* Yes, brimful with the maledictions of the poor and hungry—I'll go home and teach my little ones to pray for you.

*Starve.* What will the purport of their prayer be?

*Needy.* Such as hunger, cold, and disappointment may dictate.

dictate. Such as may well be expected by one who will not stir a little finger to remove that load of misery which his own hand hath help'd to press upon their necks to keep them down. *[Exit.]*

*Starve.* Get away you buzzing drone! A poor man in wrath is like a bee without a sting.

*Enter MEDLEY.*

*Med.* Cousin! was old Needy here?

*Starve.* He's just gone: he wanted to borrow money.

*Med.* And did you lend him?

*Starve.* I was not so mad.

*Med.* I'm ashamed of you, cousin. I'll send this trifle in your name.

*Starve.* If you do I'll never pay you.

*Med.* I'll never ask you. I believe my servant is here. Thomas! *(Enter Thomas)* run with this to old Needy, and tell him Mr. Starveall sent it.

*Tho. (Staring)* Sir!

*Med.* What do you stare at?—Tell him Mr. Starveall sent it.

*Tho. (after a foolish laugh)* Lack a daisie! he wonna believe me, Sir!

*Starve.* Neither he will, its such a foolish action.

*Tho.* Ecod! so it is, master; but as it happens to be your first, and will mayhap be your last, I hope the world will be good enough to forgive you. *[Exit.]*

*Starve.* Get away, you satirical clown! Had we been blest with a wet summer, I would starve that fellow for his impudence. Cousin, I was thinking to keep up our grain, and create an artificial scarcity in the market. Will you join me?

*Med.* What, to starve the poor! Never. Though I deal in grain as well as you, I would rather take away a stone than add a straw to the burthen of a fellow creature, already overloaded.

*Starve.* Cousin, you'll ruin our business.

*Med.* Cousin, you'll disgrace our business—bring a stigma upon the whole. Have not the good and the virtuous, of every denomination, erected the standard of humanity? Dare you fight against them? The flesh you eat from off the bones of the poor grows not on your own.

*Starve.*

*Starve.* True, cousin! I am not what I was. All my honey's chang'd to gall. Though I found it necessary to bring home my natural son—how to break off the story to my wife—had she been like other women——

*Med.* What the plague! is not she?

*Starve.* Oh, she was an angel when I married her—so chaste, that she might venture to relate the whole history of her life even before a parrot.

*Med.* Did she know you had a son?

*Starve.* No, no; I ordered his nurse to change his name—You know he's to marry your Harriet, to keep the money in our family.

*Med.* If they have no objection themselves.

*Starve.* Would you regard a child's objection when you're giving it physic?

*Med.* Yes, I would; for I've heard of parents who gave their children poison instead of physic. Adso! the musician expects me, cousin: call by and by, and you'll see me mounted on my hobby horse. [Exit.

*Starve.* Mounted on your hobby horse! Were I a surgeon, I might be apt to wish you a good tumble; but as I'm to get no advantage by your fall, you may ride your hobby horse as long as you have an inch of folly to run—(Enter Squander.) Now, Sir, I own you as my son.

*Squan.* I hope I shall always behave——

*Starve.* I hope so to. Act as a man, and you'll be look'd upon as a man; but if you assume the shape of a jack-ass, never fear but you'll get plenty in this town to ride upon you. You know the late dry summer——

*Squan.* Has ruin'd your old cant, of blights and worms. Fools and old women are up to it: we must invent some new trap to catch them.

*Starve.* But how can we?

*Squan.* What do you think of this for a change? (reads a paper.) Extract of a letter from Newcastle:—  
“I am sorry to observe, that, owing to the excessive  
“dry summer, we are likely to have but a very indif-  
“ferent crop of coals this season.”

*Starve.* Crop of coals!

*Squan.* Patience, if you please. A curious affair happened on Wednesday last:—As a gentleman was cutting  
up



up a quartern loaf, he discovered two large mice and a nest of young ones in the centre. This might be owing to an order, forbidding bakers to sell bread till four and twenty hours after it is baked. Query, If mice are allowed to build the walls of their houses with dough, will it not naturally raise the price of flour?

*Starve.* I'm afraid not. A sufficient quantity of allum, pearl ash, and other ingredients of adulteration, will soon make them shift their quarters.

*Squan.* (*reads.*) "It is currently reported, that, owing to the great scarcity of grass, Greenland merchants will be under the necessity of fattening their whales with butter."

*Starve.* Ha, ha, ha! you fool! whales don't feed upon grass.

*Squan.* What do the people in London know about that? They were never in Greenland. Besides you've told them as great absurdities before, and they swallowed them all—(*reads.*) "We are told that several conscientious butchers have entered into a resolution never to draw their knives against any more innocent cattle, who never offended them, unless they are allowed to sell the flesh at near double value, as a small recompence for the violence they do their fine feelings."

*Starve.* Poor green horn! Dare you recommend any species of circumvention to a man who has spent so many nights and days in contriving the most ingenious and respectable method of cheating the public? It won't do. The law has fixt its hawk's eye upon us.—We're watch'd. In every city, town, and village, the people are all eyes to observe our motions; and should any of us happen to be detected, men, women, and children, would open their ears as wide as mill-doors, to take in the story of our disgrace.—I hear they mean to take an estimate of all the grain in the kingdom, therefore, I'll make over all my effects to you, that I may swear with a safe conscience, that I have no corn in my stores, which will help to create an artificial scarcity, but you must give me a note of hand—a drawback, to enable me to recover—(*signs a paper.*) Here, this gives you a momentary possession.—Now sign this, it empowers me to recover.—[*Squander signs, and throws the paper on the table.*] Now run to my taylor,

he'll equip you in the newest fashion; and e're you pay your addresses to Miss Harriet, let me see that head of your's cropp'd in the highest style.

*Squan.* Lud! Lud! how I shall swagger. [Exit.]

*Starve.* Now there's the fellow who is to inherit all my reapings and my gleanings! While I spoke to him I thought I saw a *memento mori* painted on his face.—I might as well have looked upon my shroud and coffin, they could not have more effectually reminded me of mortality. He'll swagger away in extravagance, while I crumble away into dust. Then what avails all my savings and my extortions?—They talk of natural affection!—Could I have executed my project without this fellow, he and natural affection might have dwelt with beggars for me. I once thought to have intrusted one of our community with my secret, but we have been so much accustomed to cheat others, that rather than be idle we should make no scruple to cheat one another. What a strange creature is man!

#### SONG.

Sometimes wretched, sometimes happy,  
Sometimes just between the two;  
Sometimes sober, sometimes nappy,  
Sometimes only so and so.

Sometimes freezing, sometimes frying,  
Like a steak into a pan;  
Sometimes laughing, sometimes crying,  
What a *medley thing* is man!

Sometimes saving, sometimes spending,  
Sometimes foolish, sometimes wise;  
Sometimes spoiling, sometimes mending,  
Sometimes truth and sometimes lies.

Sometimes honest, sometimes thieving,  
Sometimes flush, and sometimes wan;  
Oft-times fretting short time living,  
What a *mortal thing* is man! [Exit.]

#### END OF ACT I.

#### ACT II.—SCENE I.

STARVEALL'S House.—STARVEALL and NEEDY.

*Needy.* My kind benefactor, how shall I thank you?  
Oh, had you seen the joy your goodness spread through-  
out

out my little family! "Heaven bless the generous giver," cried my poor old mother—"I knew he could not be such a monster as to refuse us," said my wife, feeding the poor hungry little ones.

*Starve.* Did she say so?

*Needy.* "Had he been guilty of all that has been imputed to him, said she (wiping the tear of gratitude from her eye), that generous action might atone for a thousand such frailties.

*Starve.* Plague on't! I can't stand this; it's worse than cutting my throat with a blunt razor.

*Needy.* When I was here last, I meant to have divulged a secret, but the cold reception I met with froze it within my bosom.

*Starve.* What is it?

*Needy.* A number of infatuated mortals have formed the malicious design of setting fire—

*Starve.* To some barn or corn stack!

*Needy.* Yes; but we must prevent them.

*Starve.* Prevent them! you villain! would you ruin me? Two or three such lucky accidents might enable me to carry my unthreshed corn to a good market yet.

*Need.* Alas! 'tis that corn that's threaten'd.

*Starve.* What!—where—when—by whom—what's their callings—where's their residences—tell me their names?

*Needy.* No sir; I've warn'd you of the danger, and you may guard against it; but tho' I reprobate their unwarrantable design, not all the wealth you're master of, shou'd bribe me to expose them to your fury—but I'll do more—I'll exert the utmost in my power to point out the heinousness of their intention. If I fail, you may prevent their crime; but let the greatness of your lenity convince them how little they deserve it; and, if they are not less than men, their own remorse will be a sufficient punishment.

*Starve.* They shall have a greater. Fools! will they devote themselves and families to certain ruin!—cut off all hopes of seeing better days—let them consider that trouble is like a rat-cage, easily got into, but plaguy hard to get out of—tell them the story of the fool who applied poison to benumb the tooth-ache—rashness destroyed, patience might have cur'd him, I'll set a watch upon



upon my premises, and the moment they are taken, deliver them up to the utmost rigour of the law.

*Needy.* Do—but e're you resolve to punish the offenders, consider if you are yourself wholly guiltless of the offence. If we blame the worm that turns with pain, what shall we say of him that tramples upon it?

*Starv.* This fellow is an accomplice; but as I have made over all my effects, I must not be seen to stir in this affair—I'll send him to Dick, and he'll take him up—*(writes)*—Here, you shall carry this note to young Squander, and he'll reward you.

## SONG.

*Needy.* When the late summers scorching drought,  
Had perch'd both shrub and flower:  
Kind heaven bade the heavy cloud  
Discharge he needful shower:  
So did your generous heart command,  
Your ready hand to give;  
So did your liberal bounty bid  
My drooping infants live.  
The miser's heart, as cold as ice,  
Amidst his hoarded pelf;  
Can neither feel another's woe,  
Nor taste one joy itself:  
But men like you are doubly blest,  
Who bear a feeling heart;  
For gen'rous soul's must ever share,  
The transports they impart. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE—The Street.

*Enter WELLWORTH, meeting SQUANDER, who is extravagantly dressed—the skirt of his coat cut away.*

*Squan.* Well, Mr. Wellworth, I never thought to have met you here—no more did you (I dare say) expect to see things come to such a pass with me—See how I am rigg'd out to the very topmast head of the fashion—Observe my pig—snout boots—I don't say they're pretty, but I'm sure they're fashionable; and that's the same thing you know.

*Well.* Oh, quite the same.

*Squan.* Now look at my breeches—See what flowers and flourishes—Whoever writes the history of my life, will be apt to say, "This gentleman began to flourish in the year one thousand eight hundred."

*Well.*

*Well.* Ha! ha! ha! very witty!

*Squan.* To be sure, dress is a fine thing; and yet mine brought me into a bit of a scrape.

*Well.* How happened that?

*Squan.* As I was passing by a large window, I turn'd my head this way, "to view my shadow in the glass," as King Dickie the Third says in the play—but who the deuce happen'd to be on the inside, but a new married couple. The husband, thinking I was some impertinent puppy, who wish'd to pry into family secrets, sallied forth, and commenc'd an attack—

*Well.* Which you sustain'd—

*Squan.* Like a man—but I believe he wou'd have been one too many for me, had not his new made rib interfered;—and who do you think the lady happened to be?—no other than little Polly with whom I lost my character in the country last summer.

*Well.* So you knew her.

*Squan.* Not at first—I thought, indeed, that I recollected something of her features, but cou'dn't be certain.—To be sure, says I, "ladies are apt to lose their complexions in London, but not to such a degree as this; Polly's head was as red as a carrot—this lady is as black as a crow," but when her wig fell off in the scuffle, the accident left me no longer room to doubt.

*Well.* And did you sustain no damage?

*Squan.* I only lost a wing. (*showing his torn skirt*)

*Well.* Ha! ha! ha! I'm afraid you'll get few to follow that fashion.

*Squan.* I have some reason to think you're mistaken—This fashion had scarce commenc'd, when two or three score of fools follow'd me to the door—Some people in London will follow any thing but good counsel and good example. Do you think this my own hair?

*Well.* I think it's a wig.

*Squan.* My own for all that—I paid for it—Our forefathers were a long headed nation—We've lengthened our feet, and shortened our heads—Apropos, at my father's request, I came here to court Miss Harriet; but my heart is with another.

THE MONOPOLIZER OUTWITTED.

SONG.

When on the careless nurse's breast,  
The darling infant smiling lay;  
The rising morning from the east,  
Ne'er shot forth such a glorious ray:  
Well might I fear, my hopes are vain,  
To make this charming prize my own;  
For thousands languish to obtain,  
The peerless maid of London town.  
Among the croud, one, only one,  
Himself the happy man can call;  
For tho' her heart is not of stone,  
Alas! she cannot wed us all:  
Ye powers, who deal our lots with skill,  
I ask not riches or renown;  
Bestow such toys on whom ye will,  
Give me my girl of London town.

*Well.* Here comes the lady.

*Squan.* I pray you introduce me.

*Well.* I will—(*Enter Harriet*)—Madam, this is Mr. Squander, the gentleman whom your father means to promote to the happiness of being your husband.

*Squan.* True, madam, the old people have such a thing in agitation—My father, who looks upon me as his property, wou'd dispose of me as he wou'd of a sack of corn, to the best advantage; and your old whimsical father, with his usual philanthropy, wou'd give you away to promote the happiness of a fellow creature, namely, your humble servant—But I have a nearer relation than either father or mother, whom I wish to consult—and that is my own heart—and, madam, e're you comply, I wou'd advise you to propose a few serious questions to your's.

*Har.* Sir, I much approve of your advice, and will endeavour to profit by it.

*Squan.* No doubt, you may think this a very singular mode of courtship—Were I like most lovers, to persuade you before marriage that you were an angel—

*Har.* Most probably I should, like some wives after marriage, convince you that your angel was but a woman.

*Squan.* *Recta puella!* as *Domino Lingo* says in the farce.—If people would always consider the propriety of going together—

*Har.* They would not so ofte be under the necessity of parting.—Here comes my father.

*Squan.*



THE MONOPOLIZER OUTWITTED.

*Squan.* So he is. Now for a love scene. (*Enter Medley behind—Squander kneels.*) Charming girl, I conjure you to believe me, when I most solemnly protest, that your matchless charms have made—(*whispers*) not the least impression on my heart.

*Har.* Ah, Sir, I'm afraid you'll think me too forward if I confess that I cannot behold your great accomplishments without being touched with (*whispers*) equal indifference.

*Squan.* And may I trust that you'll never change.

*Har.* Never, never.

*Med.* What the deuce! have you come to the point already?

*Squan.* Yes, and what's better, we'll stand to our point: shan't we, madam?

*Har.* That we shall.

D U E T.

*Squan.* I'll ne'er exert a husband's power,

*Har.* To keep poor spouse in awe;

*Squan.* You may look sweet, you may look sour,

*Har.* My will shall be my law:

*Squan.* If you should turn the day to night,

*Har.* Or change the night to day;

*Squan.* I'll bear it all, and swear you're right,

*Har.* Whate'er I do or say. [*Exit Squander.*]

*Med.* The gentleman protests too much, like Dick Play-mad, my cousin, who undertook to perform any part at an hour's warning. The manager said he was a good promiser—but turn'd out a plaguy bad performer. Come, Harriet, give us that Scotch air.

S O N G.

The little wren can court his hen,

And they can pair in season;

But nought to me can pleasure give,

I'll tell you what's the reason:—

My wee bit dad's a crabbed blade,

My mam's a canker'd carlin;

They winna let me gang to wed

Young Jamie of Dumferline.

My claiiths, it's true, are very few,

A white gown and a blue ane;

If a' gaes weel, my spinning wheel

Will gar me get a new ane:

And as for gear we needna fear,

I've twenty shillins sterling;

I'd gi'e them a', tho' each were twa,

To Jamie of Dumferline.

*Med.*

*Med.* Come, Mr. Singwell, let me see this tune of mine you took down.—Oh, great Apollo! nothing but a parcel of figures!

*Well.* A new invention, sir—a new invention.

*Med.* What, substitute figures for notes!—Huzza!—the novelty will insure me success.

*Mrs. M. (entering)* What bawling is this again?

*Med.* Get out of the room, you chattering magpie—

*Mrs. Med.* Gracious Venus!—I'll devote your patch-work to the kitchen fire.—*(runs off with his papers, Wellworth and Harriet follow)*

*Med.* Great Apollo, god of music and poetry!—stop thief!—My name shall blaze in the kitchen fire, but never shine in the eyes of posterity—Stop thief!—*(running off, meets Starveall)*

*Starv.* Where are you going, cousin?

*Med.* I'm ruin'd!—She has burnt my music—

*Starv.* Burnt your music!—Coals are not so dear, nor yet so scarce, tho' sometime a little deficient in measure. My Sukey has come to negotiate a peace—she cannot bear civil broils. Ah, cousin, had you married a woman of virtue like my immaculate—I was always remarkable for making a good bargain.

*Enter Mrs. MEDLEY, Mrs. STARVEALL, WELLWORTH, and HARRIET.*

*Mrs. M.* There, sir,—there's your trumpery.

*Med.* My trumpery!—Not one half of them—Where's the brown cow's lamentation for the unreasonable advance on the price of brewer's grains—where's the milkman's reply—More money or more water—and where are the musical figures?

*Mrs. M.* Musical figures!—Poor dupe! the gentleman knows nothing of music.

*Med.* Knows nothing of music!—Is that true, sir?

*Well.* Madam, here's the nostrum to preserve your beauty from decay.

*Med.* From decay!—Oho, I understand—

*Starv.* Ah cousin! had you married a woman like my Sukey.—Come, Sukey, make them shake hands.

*Mrs. Starv.* I request they will *(she joins their hands)*

*Stin.* Ah, Sukey! you have the art of infusing happiness—let you and I shake hands, and promise never to quarrel—

quarrel—(*shakes hands*)—Now, cousin, now's your time.—My dear, my cousin has something to communicate.

*Med.* Yes, Madam—In the first place, you must consider my cousin was once young—

*Starv.* She knows that.

*Med.* And that he had his faults—

*Mrs. S.* I know that too.

*Med.* Then be not surpris'd, if in the wild seductive days of youth he had a—bastard

*Mrs. S.* A what?—Vile man!—to have a—I can't mention the filthy name.—I'll sue for a separate maintenance.

*Enter SQUANDER, singing.*

*Squan.* "The farmer is guiltless, the baker is faultless,"

*Starv.* Can I believe my eyes! is the fellow drunk?

*Squan.* Ecce signum—look at my nose.

*Squan.* What has reduc'd you to that condition?

*Squan.* Gin! oh the British gin for ever.

*Enter ISABEL.*

*Starv.* Come hither, woman—Is this really my son?

*Isabel.* Indeed is he, your lawful son-in-law.

*Starv.* My lawful son-in-law!

*Isabel.* Yes, the son of the dear lady, your wife.

*Starv.* What, the son of my immaculate, my Sukey?

*Isabel.* Yes, in verity—Poor dear dear young creature! she had him when she was just seventeen. (*Mrs. Starveall faints*)—Oh, help the lady!

*Starv.* No, no, let her alone—Oh, you hypocrite! you cou'dn't mention the filthy name—

*Med.* Cousin, you married a woman of virtue—you was remarkable for making a good bargain—Two for one—ha! ha! ha!

*Starv.* Be quiet, man.—Get up—separate maintenance!—you shall have it.

*Mrs. Starve.* Well, if I do, I'm not the first, and shan't be the last, if the world stands much longer—

[*Exit Mrs. Starveall.*]

*Starv.* Now, you old beldam, how durst you put such a trick upon me?

*Isabel.* Oh, no trick at all, sir. When you married the lady, you had a right to all her fortune; and I think



think you ought to thank me for restoring this piece of hidden treasure.

*Starv.* Do you insult me, you old mumping—

*Isabel.* You know you never would pay me for bringing up your son; and the good virtuous lady, your wife, would never acknowledge neighbour Margery—

*Starv.* And where's my son?

*Isabel.* Indeed, we had to pawn him.

*Starv.* Pawn him!

*Isabel.* Yes, with a recruiting serjeant, for ten guineas.

*Starv.* And where is he now?

*Isabel.* Lackadaisie! don't you remember the youth you prosecuted last year at the assizes?

*Starv.* That was another name.

*Isab.* Sure we know that—you made us change his name—but don't be cast down—he died like a game cock.

*Starv.* Oh, you abominable hag! did you make me prosecute my son, and hang him?

*Isabel.* Bless your honor!—I thought you did it on purpose, to get rid of him.

*Squan.* Indeed—father—

*Starv.* Father!—I disown you.

*Squan.* Disown me!—Do you?—I disown you—disinherit you—cut you off with a shilling.

*Starv.* You shall restore my property.

*Squan.* I wont, and how can you help yourself?

*Starv.* Thank heaven, there's law in the country.

*Squan.* Yes, and in the town too; and that you shall know. An honest man makes the law his friend—you made it your enemy.

*Starv.* Do you remember a note of hand?

*Squan.* I forgot to thank you for sending it by old Needy, inclosed in a letter—

*Starv.* (takes out a paper) Enchantment!—Witchcraft!—Here's the paper I meant to have sent you—(gives it)

*Squan.* (reads) "Dear Dick, the person who delivers you this, is a great rogue"—Are you?—"have him instantly secured—should the law condemn him to lose his ears, it would be doing the world justice."—Well, old one, this may be all true; but I'll let you fall into other hands.

*Enter*

*Enter NEEDEY.*

*Starve.* Are the incendiaries taken?

*Need.* No, sir; they thought it more prudent to repent before, than after the commission of their crime.—Pardon me, if I imputed an act of generosity to that heart which never open'd, but when interest knock'd. I've found your note of hand.

*Starve.* What, am I become a jest!

*Squan.* Serve you right—If you sow nettles, how can you expect to reap wheat?

*Starve.* May starvation seize you all [Exit.

*Squan.* I hope there's no fear of that—since your hoarded corn is mine, I'll send it to market, and sell it at a reasonable price.

*Med.* I'll follow your example, but can't give you my daughter.

*Squan.* And do you think I'll take her?

*Har.* There! a pretty choice you made for me.

*Mrs. M.* Where cou'd you make a better?

*Har.* Here, madam. *(taking Wellworth's hand)*

*Med.* What!—the sham musician!—Who are you?

*Well.* Sir, you know my father, Mr. Wellworth—

*Med.* Of Easter Hall?—My old school fellow!—If you're your father's son, you wou'd run away with my daughter, and cheat me a second time, but I'll prevent you, for I'll have you married here.

*Mrs. M.* Will you let her make herself miserable?

*Med.* If she will be miserable, I wou'd rather it shou'd be of her own seeking, than my giving. Come here, take her *(joins their hands)*—and may peace and plenty, long life, and prosperity be your lot.

#### FINAL E.

May the blessings of plenty in measure run o'er,  
May the sweets of contentment revisit our shore;  
May the poor man's hard labour bring the comforts of life,  
And peace and good order ride triumphant o'er strife.

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FINIS.

